This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

MEMORIES OF A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE

C
Mauny

C
Mawry

Harvard Divinity School

ANDOVER-HARVARD THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY

MDCCCCX

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

THE

MEMORIES

OF A

CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY HERSELF.
1876.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

H 46 2 2 3

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by
MADAME E P MAUNY,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PREFACE.

In introducing to the public these memoirs, I submit for their perusal and examination many details and circumstances of my life, with the numerous and trying ordeals through which I have had to pass in my career through the world during many years. I have met with troubles, encountered trials, disappointments and afflictions; many of them severe and annoying, as my readers, who will take the time to peruse my work, will ascertain. In it they will discover that the path through life is surrounded with thorns and briers that frequently wound and lacerate the feelings very much; and how the meek and good alone can sustain themselves under their *ofttimes heavy pressure*, unless their hopes are based upon their faith in Christ, who has promised

never to forsake the righteous, in whatsoever situation of life they may be placed I fear very much just at present. I may lose my sight, suffering from a cataract in both eyes, being under the physicians' care; they being unable to say after the operation whether I will be able to retain my vision.

And it is on this account I appeal to a generous and liberal people everywhere, to use their best endeavors to increase the sale of my book. As it is the only resource I have to obtain my subsistence, I feel they will come forth and do all they can in their power to aid me in my hour of affliction and sorrow. May the Giver of all good abundantly bless them and reward them for their kindness and generosity, and their labor of love shown to me, is the fervent prayer of

Your Author,

E. P. M.

CHAPTER I.

"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION." MEMOIRS OF MYSELF.

I was born in France, from French parents, without large means, but in comfortable circumstances; of strict Christians, they bringing up their children in the love and fear of the Almighty; my parents always showing their faith in true religion by good examples in all things, and for all things. The remembrance of them will ever be stamped indelibly upon my memory, wherever I may be during my sojourn on earth. I was the youngest of four sisters and two brothers. My father addressed us, and spoke as follows: "My dear children, I have no fortune to give or leave you; therefore, it is my ardent wish and desire, that you should all learn some useful occupation or trade, leaving it entirely to your own choice to select any you may desire. Later in life, if you are not in need, and should marry, and thus be protected with

wealth and comforts, you will not regret the knowledge you obtained."

As there are many reverses incident to us all in life, and it is a blessing to have at hand the means of gaining a livelihood, I was well disposed to work, and even liked the idea. I was most favorably inclined towards the millinery or dressmaking business. Having always had a taste to arrange my dolls, but unfortunately being very young I was compelled to continue my studies, besides to join the church and receive my first communion, a compulsory step urged by my parents. My mother being very zealous in her religious doctrines, desiring that her children should all attend to their duties in accordance with the will of the Lord. Time passed, and my studies having been completed I obtained permission to seek means for my future support, still retaining my former idea of the trade I should learn and practice. I made application for a situation in an establishment for fashionable millinery making. I was employed by a lady friend of my family, who after a short time agreed to allow me a small compensation, which gave me considerable encouragement. I remained six months with this lady learning

all I could. One of my married sisters living in Poitiers, whose husband was one of the directors of the post-office, and who was most favorably disposed towards me, and impressed me with a desire that I should become one of their family, as they were not blessed with children. My brother-in-law, therefore, wrote to my father asking his consent to send me to them, but I preferred to continue in the profession I had already begun; my sister still anxious to have me amongst them, pleaded again, stating that at Poitiers there were large establishments, with which I could succeed far better than in the small town where I then was, and that her fondest affection should be shown me, as if I were her own daughter. Thus persuaded, and with the permission of my father and mother, I left for Poitiers, and arrived at my sister's husband's home; both welcomed me in the most affectionate manner. As for myself I was very much pleased to see them, and remained with them for several days.

The separation we had experienced furnished many topics of conversation. Afterwards I asked my sister to procure me a situation in a store, stating I did not wish to re-

main idle; she used her influence to obtain for me a situation, and recommended me to a Miss Constance Ribiere, who employed as first sales lady a Miss Aladie Jard. I was engaged in this store, where I continued to attend early in the morning, returning to my sister's house in the evening, accompanied by my brother-in-law, who called for me each day. Miss Aladie showed me many favors, and was very kind to me, and as I was considerably her junior in years, often gave me good advice which I appreciated and followed with pleasure; being foreign to any demonstrations of affection and friendship, further than that shown me by my relations, and with the want of experience, I allowed myself to be influenced by persons showing an interest for me, and this lady I felt confidently was a true friend, indeed. It was a mutual friendship as I became greatly attached to her. I should have remained with this friend, but fate decides our destiny. I could have continued my engagement with these ladies, and in the evenings sure to find a home with my brother and sister, feeling always happy with them. It was about six months after I had been employed in this establishment when one day

Miss Constance addressed me thus: "I wish you would remain in the evenings, and live here altogether, as often there is work to be finished in the evenings, and also in the morning," and besides my services were becoming very important to her; thus it became necessary to leave my brother and sister, but I calculated to spend every Sunday in their company; a pleasure I always anticipated and looked forward to with great anxiety. To make my weekly duties more agreeable, my sister often called to see me. The ladies with whom I was engaged increased their demonstrations of friendship, and augmented my salary. At this moment of success I received a letter from my father, informing me that he had been quite ill, and was as yet not convalescent, and that it was his great desire to see me again. Accompanying his letter was a sufficient sum for necessary travelling expenses, urging me to come at once to his bedside. My brother-in-law had also received a letter from my father, and showing the same to these ladies, Miss Constance and Aladie, pleaded with them for my leave of absence, and it was with sorrow and disappointment that they saw the necessity of my leaving

Poitiers. Still I had to answer the invitation to visit my father. I prepared for my departure, promising these ladies to return as soon as possible and resume my duties. To leave my kind brother and sister gave me some sadness; they had shown me much kindness, a kindness that can never be forgotten. I started for Ussel Lorreze, and arrived at my father's home, finding him greatly changed; but I experienced a relief, accompanied by a joy, to be home again. It had been my first absence and first voyage, *it would have been well had it been my last;* but as I stated before, fate holds our destiny and shapes our end through life. Remaining several months in my family, composed of my father, mother and one sister, the remaining children living being all married. As stated before, I was the youngest. During my stay with my parents a friend of my father's visited the family, interesting himself about me. He inquired what my occupation was in Poitiers, and was told I was engaged in a millinery establishment. Having obtained this information, he stated to my parents that his wife's sister was proprietress of a large establishment in Moulin, and that at this moment

she was in need of help, and that if I would accept a situation with his recommendation I would be well received, being the daughter of his friend. After a conversation that took place between my parents, they instructed me that it was their wish I should not return to my former position, as the chance at Moulin gave me a better prospect, and facilitated my return home at short notice, in case any accident should happen, and could then be within near reach of my parents. This advice placed me in a very uncomfortable position, as I had promised to return to my former situation with Miss Constance and Miss Alodie. A mutual liking had already been cemented between these ladies and myself, which gave me cause to be undecided; however, my parents' will and desire was that I should go to Moulin, and it is unnecessary to say I did go, as their will was always imperative with me, and with much regret I made known to Miss Constance and Miss Alodie the unpleasant news of my inability to fulfil my promise. Having left for Moulin, I arrived safely and received a cordial welcome from Mlle. Tourreau. This lady had a large establishment and a good business. A short time after my engagement

with her I became a confident in her business matters, and was appointed to manage the affairs, having entire charge. I was pleased with the progress I made. I had under my supervision six ladies, all of whom showed me great respect. Miss Tourreau was in the habit of spending the summer vacations in Vichy, and she took me with her. Vichy is a small town in a fine locality in the south of France, with beautiful gardens and elegant residences. Visitors congregated there during the summer from different countries. I was very much pleased with the place, and noticed that business was one of its prominent features, while at Moulin, as elsewhere in the summer, business was dull; in fact Moulin was entirely a slow place. We prolonged our stay in Vichy until the month of October. We had attended many soirees, always accompanied by Mlle. Tourreau, and we enjoyed ourselves greatly. Some time had passed, when Mlle. Tourreau announced her approaching marriage with Mons. de Champfleour, the Mayor of the city of Moulin, and therefore she would be compelled to resign her establishment to the charge of Misses Mello and Drew, two young ladies who had

been engaged with her quite a long time. Miss T. was sorry on my account, and feared that I would not remain, but consulted with these ladies, stating that as my services were of unquestionable benefit to the establishment, and asked that I should be placed in the salesroom; and to induce me, they made me a proposition, to give me one-fifth interest in the business; accepting which, I became a partner in the house of Mello, Drew & Company. The agreement of copartnership was signed before a notary public, who had charge to superintend and direct the financial part of the business, and having placed one of his friends as cashier in our establishment, he was thus kept regularly informed of all that transpired relative to our business, which had been good; but I perceived that there was things going on that seemed not altogether right; and although I worked hard during a long time, still my profits seemed very light; but the agreement of copartnership having been signed for three years, I was obliged to await the expiration of that time. Although I had little confidence, yet, under the circumstances, I performed my duty faithfully. Every year I visited Vichy, accompanied by

a young lady conversant with our business; and thus during the dull season in Moulin, I made money in Vichy. The place was beneficial to my health, as I took advantage of the baths, and drank the waters; besides, I liked the place, as my readers will find out further as my narrative continues. At last the three years terminated, and I was compelled to retire from the firm. The notary lost no time in making out an act of dissolution, which he presented to me stating: "Mademoiselle, you have decided to leave us;" to which I answered: "Yes, sir." "Well then be kind enough to sign this paper;" to which I consented, without informing myself of the full intent and meaning of the act on paper, thinking it only an obligatory formality, but not in the least binding upon me. This paper was so drawn up as to prevent me from making any claim against the firm, and the accounts made out in such a manner as to place my indebtedness to the said firm two hundred francs; this was evidently intended to intimidate me from claiming my just dues. I at once consulted a lawyer, who said that I had a right to cause a sale to be made, if they refused to render

me a full statement of accounts. I then explained that the notary had obliged me to sign papers of dissolution of copartnership. My lawyer then said: "You have had business with a swindler, and you have no redress, as you have consulted me too late." As I had feared, my suspicions having been aroused a long time ago, *I had lost all.* I made preparations to leave. During my stay with the above firm I had received a communication from Mademoiselle A. de Poitiers, who mentioned in her letter that Mademoiselle Constance had resigned her establishment to her, and that as she required a person in whom she could place implicit confidence, and that I was that person, and that she wanted me to return to her. It was in accordance with all the wishes of my heart to join my dear friend again, as I loved her, and had always received demonstrations of sincerity and sisterly affection from her. In the house there resided a Captain of Lancers, who showed a disposition to court me; he was very attentive, but being young and with but slight experience of the world and its deceptions, I paid no attention to him, thinking it was only a desire to pass away the time

pleasantly. I was also afraid that persons might think me frivolous. This captain asked Mademoiselle Aladie: "Why does Mademoiselle Eleanore slight me?" Miss A. answered: "She is young and thoughtless;" and the captain answered: "It is for that reason I admire and respect her." But I thought differently; and had not the least idea that a rich man entertained serious intentions of marriage. My thoughts were communicated by Miss Alaide to the captain, who declared on the honor of a soldier, that his intentions were serious, and that he would not on any account trifle with the affections of a lady. Miss Aladie thought I had thrown my future happiness away. My friend was right, as it will be shown in the future, as my story unfolds itself.

CHAPTER II.

TRIP TO PARIS.

At last I started for Paris. I always had many disappointments in the country, and never thought *I would have had so many more.* I arrived at Paris, that beautiful capital of the world, full of mirth and fashion; there I found everything superb and grand. I wanted to find a good establishment. I had heard of the house of Messrs. Hermel & Alexandrine, where I desired to obtain employment. I made a visit to Madame De Rochefort, a friend of my family. I begged her to introduce me to Mrs. Hermel; "very willingly," she said. "When will you go?" "Your hours shall be mine, Madame." Ten o'clock the next day was appointed, at which time I presented myself at her hotel, from whence we started to go to Madame Hermel, to whom we were introduced. I found her to be a beautiful, pious lady. She treated us in a very friendly manner, and at the recommendation of Madame De Rochefort, I made a

favorable impression, she immediately took me into her establishment. Madame Hermel was very kind to me; in a short time after, I found myself perfectly contented. There were some twenty young ladies employed in the establishment, and we all worked in excellent harmony. We labored very hard and were treated kindly and well supplied with food, just like in a first-class private family. Madame Hermel accompanied us to church on Sunday, and we appeared more like school girls than milliner store girls. Madame Hermel was very strict with all her young ladies; if she heard that any of them had misbehaved themselves, a written notice was served on them that she did not require them in her establishment any more. The establishment was very fine in all its appointments; we had the patronage of all the courts of Europe; we often had orders for as many as two or three hundred bonnets and head dresses; we had to work much of the time until twelve o'clock at night; but when the business was over, we had a holiday. Some eight of us would start early in the morning, in a carriage to go to the "Bois de Boulogne," and there take horses to go to Suresne, the famous place for

fried fish and white wine; then take a ramble in the country for enjoyment. Outside of Paris the surroundings are beautiful, especially on a fine summer day. After our day of pleasure we would return home to the Maison Doree, and give a description of our excursion. One day a letter was handed to me which had arrived in the morning. As soon as I saw the envelope with the dark edge, I felt that some of my dear friends were gone to their long home, as I never did have a day's pleasure without some pain. I broke open the seal and read that Mlle. Aladie had left this world of troubles for a better one, after a long illness, during which she had spoken often of me. It was unfortunate that I left her; for she gave me all she possessed. She really loved me; that letter broke my heart! It was all my fault. I then went up to my room where I cried bitterly. A few days after I received the news of the death of my beloved father. My grief was so intense that my hair began to turn white from the effects of a violent fever that lasted more than a week; my brain was very much affected.

Little by little I recovered, and performed

my daily labor. I wrote an affectionate letter to my dear beloved mother, that I wished to see so much; but could not leave as it was the business season in Paris. She wrote in return that she had lost all that was dearest to her on earth, a faithful companion, her good husband. Indeed, he was a kind husband and affectionate father. She had not yet recovered from her sorrows, and that as soon as I could possibly come, she would be happy to see me. All these deaths, these letters made me downhearted, nervous and melancholy. A little while after this, there came a lady from Dijon to make some millinery purchases. She inquired if there was not a young lady in the house that would like to go with her to Dijon, that she would give her a good salary and treat her well, and give her a happy home. They told her that there was such a young lady, but that Madame H. would not like to part with her, but they would let her know it, and I was informed of it confidentially. I had an interview with the lady. She offered me double the remuneration that I was getting at H.'s. This tempted me, and I promised to go. But how was I to inform Madame H. I resolved to tell her that I was

going on a visit to my mother, who was sick, and that she wanted to see me. She told me I might go, and should return as soon as possible. I was pleased, but ashamed to have obtained leave of absence by an untruth. It was the increased salary and temptation that induced me to act thus. I got ready and arrived at that lady's hotel. We went to her commissionaire, Mr. Balaine, who drew out the agreement, and I started next day for Dijon to Madame Agettant, where I was made welcome.

Madame Agettant had opened an establishment with fraudulent letters of credit. All went on with great style and splendor. She had all her meals brought from a restaurant, and I was perfectly well treated. She had two little girls, and her husband, *as I supposed*, was there as a master by mere matter of form. She was very kind to me. She gave me a great many presents, that I was so astonished I felt obliged to refuse them. Sometimes I told her that it was too fine for a young lady in my position. "No, no," she used to say, "I could give you all I possess, for I love you better than my husband."

At that rate the establishment had been

going on for three months. The letters of credit and notes were not paid, and were coming back protested. There was a young man, cashier in the house, who gave me a note, saying, that he could not talk to me, for Madame A. was always near me, and he informed me that I should not be undeceived by this woman, that the establishment could not last much longer, as all the notes were returned unpaid, to be on my guard, and that he would keep me posted in reference to the affairs of the establishment. Then I was in great trouble and uneasiness. I reproached myself, but it was too late. All I could do was to wait. The creditors were coming from Paris, Lyons, etc., and threatened to close up the establishment; but Madame A. assured them that in a few days her brother would arrive with the necessary funds to pay all she owed; then they left, all satisfied.

I then made up my mind to tell her that she had deceived me; that she knew that I had a good position at Madame H.'s, and that she fully knew in what position she was, and that it would have been best to let me stay where I was. Here I am, without a situation, and under heavy expenses of travel; it was very

wrong in you. "Oh," said she, "fear not, you shall be well paid and rewarded; do not trouble yourself." All these fine promises did not satisfy me at all; I was low spirited and dejected. One day the cashier told me that three more creditors had arrived, and wanted to close the establishment. How uneasy I was then; how sorry I was that I left Madame H. It was all my fault; everybody said that it was unfortunate for the young lady she had brought from Paris, to have come so far, *and work for nothing.* Her counsel told me that he would see me paid. The establishment was closed, a levy put on all her goods and chattels, except on my personal property. The justice of the peace told me to lock up all my effects in my room, and to keep the key, which I did do. *What an unfortunate thing for me to have left Paris.* I began crying, for how long I cannot say. When I recovered, I went to Madame Agettant, and told her that I wanted to leave; but she made me so many fine promises, and assured me so positively that I would be paid in full, and well rewarded, I became patient, and waited for the issue, so as to get my pay. At last, I was very uneasy; the season was advancing, and I feared

that I could not get employment in any good house; but I was depending on the promise of Mr. Bailaine.

One day, some lawyers came from Paris to close up the establishment. All was levied upon. The attorney told the justice of the peace not to levy on my personal property, so that I could be free to leave when I pleased.

It was very unfortunate for me to have left Paris, and to have been so deceived by this woman. I had the sympathy of everybody, but that did not ease my mind. Again would I say: What made me leave that good place, and to have been misguided by such promises? Again, it was all my own fault. I was so disheartened that Madame A. noticed the change that had come over me. She did not leave me a minute. She would say: "Do not be uneasy, you shall be paid double the amount I promised you, in a few days—you shall see my brother, who will bring me a large sum of money." She had always continued to get her meals from the restaurant by the medium of promises. (Her husband disappeared a month before the establishment had been closed.) A few days after, there came a policeman, in citizen's clothes, and

told her that she was expected at the Prefecture du Roi. With apparently no trouble *to herself*, she told me, it is only for a little information; we shall be back immediately. I did not like to go, and yet I would not refuse her. So we started for the palace of justice. When we reached there, she was admitted to the cabinet. I waited a long time, and I became uneasy. I was afraid for myself; it was great imprudence on my part to have gone with her. At last I heard steps, and then came the public prosecutor, and asked me whether I knew that woman. Madame A., I answered. It is not Madame A., it is an impostoress, he said. All my frame shaking, I told him no; I saw her for the first time in Paris. She engaged me to come here and work for her in the millinery business. "It is unfortunate; I am sorry for you, mademoiselle, you can retire," he said. I could hardly tell my feelings. I arose to start out, and could scarcely support myself. At this moment, I noticed Madame A. between two officers, passing to a dark hall leading to a door, that shut after her entrance, with a great noise. They had imprisoned her.

I walked away, not knowing where I was

going, and fainted on the floor of the palace; when I regained my senses, a gentleman, quite a stranger, asked me what my trouble was. Not answering him, my power of speech having been almost lost, he kindly offered himself as my escort to see me home.

I returned to the unfortunate house. I retired to my room, having a raging fever that lasted twenty-four hours. When I recovered I wanted to leave the place, but every one advised me to remain, saying that I could continue on the business; that the establishment would be sold at a sacrifice, and they would help me in purchasing it. It would, perhaps, have been best for me to have done so, but I refused, and arranged matters to return to the capital.

When I arrived in Paris, I went immediately to a hotel. I wanted employment and thought of Madame H., but to return to her after the deception I used when I left for Dijon, was a sore in my heart difficult to heal; that untruth, no doubt, was the prolific cause that brought about all my misfortune and trouble.

I roused up all my courage and started for the Maison Doree. I asked for Madame H.; all the young ladies, my old companions, were

pleased to see me, and I, also, pleased to see them. They told me that Madame H. knew I was going to Dijon; that she was very sorry.

When she entered I arose to bow to her; she spoke to me in a low tone: "Why! your mother is better." I answered, Madame, I told you an untruth, and I am sorry for it. You know that young people always look forward to better themselves, and very often are in the wrong; this is just what has happened to me in this circumstance." "And what have you left Dijon for," she asked me. "Has the establishment failed?" a matter which she knew perfectly well, she being one of the creditors.

She then said, "We are going to supper, come and be one of us." It was with thanks that I accepted.

There were some twenty young ladies; they all seemed to like me. At times I had been their cashier, as they had borrowed small sums of money, which they always would refund me when they received their wages.

I had received from Dijon, through the attorney, as he had promised, three hundred francs, for my three months wages. I sent

one hundred francs to my mother, as a Christmas present. I had occasionally information of the Dijon failure, in letters from my attorney, to whom I had not been ungrateful, for I had not expected to receive that money. I sent his wife several gifts, such as a black velvet bonnet, trimmed with lace, feathers, etc. Madame A. who was in prison, wrote to me sometimes. She had informed her husband that I had returned to Paris, where he was himself since he had left Dijon, where he did not dare go back.

He called once to see me, to learn how everything had been settled, as I had remained until it was all over. After hearing all I had to say, he began to cry so bitterly that it made me sad to see him. He inquired what had become of the children? I told him that the Sisters of Charity had taken care of them. "Poor children," he said. As I stated before he had two little girls: the youngest had not been baptized. I had been asked to be her godmother, and one of their friends, a rich gentleman, was to be the godfather. It was proposed to have a grand celebration; this celebration was a prison for the mother.

Mr. A. was a man of fine education; he had

studied medicine. I saw him often in Paris, and it was with sorrow; although I was quite young at that time, I suffered as much for the sorrows of others as though they were my own.

I continued to receive letters from Madame A. She asked me to send her a white hat, she desired to appear in court; knowing her need I immediately filled up her order and sent it to her; I also sent hats to her two little girls; as I had a feeling of affection and sympathy for all of them.

Later, I learned that she had obtained a situation in the prison, having charge and control of some women that did a certain kind of work; she was happier. Many months after, I lost sight of that unfortunate family. May God take care of them, as they have caused me much trouble.

CHAPTER III.

Having many friends in Paris, I had invitations to visit a number of families. Amongst them was a gentleman and his wife who had come from my native town, and had opened a college in the Rue du Vieux Colombier, a charming situation. I visited their house every time they had receptions. Madame H. had consented to allow me to attend these receptions, with the privilege of remaining over night. I was always accompanied home the next morning by my friend's husband. One of my brothers occupying a position in the grand "Chapel of France," as chief of the ceremonies in the chapel of King Louis Philip, and a young man of fine ability with a great amount of influence in Paris. Among his friends were General Lafayette and others; he (my brother) had made the acquaintance of a young American, who advised him to go to Baltimore. He accepted the offer, and started for Baltimore with recommendations from General Lafayette who ad-

vised him to open an institution in his own name, which he did. He had a large number of scholars and obtained great success in his enterprise.

Three months after his arrival, after spending a pleasant day with many friends at Barnum's Hotel, and having retired to his room, he died suddenly. The circumstances of his death were as follows: As he did not appear at the breakfast table the next morning, a servant was sent to his room and returned with the report that he was asleep. His non-appearance at dinner occasioned anxiety, and the same servant was again sent up, finding him in the same position, an alarm was given, and when his friends arrived, they discovered that he was dead. The post-mortem examination of his body proved that he had died from heart disease. This was a terrible blow to our family, especially for me, as I was amongst them at the time, and was far from thinking that I would ever come to America. When I came to the United States, I went to Baltimore and made inquiries of persons who were able to give me some information; I was introduced to the president of the Maryland Institute; when I informed him that I was

the sister of the late Mr. Leopold, he said to me " Madam, I was one of his pupils, and one of his warm friends, he was on the road to fortune, but death overtook him suddenly, he has left a delightful remembrance behind him, he died like a good christian, and was buried by the Episcopal church." How happy I should have been had he been alive when I arrived here. I should not have met with so many misfortunes, but in a strange country without protection, I met with nothing but troubles and trials, yet I have been comforted by the Americans. My readers will see in our progress that they have been as brothers and sisters to me. With regard to my brother's effects, he had a great many valuable articles, which he had left in the care of a friend in Paris, who was to send them to Baltimore as soon as my brother became established there; on the death of my brother, however, this friend took possession of all his effects, declaring that he had never had them in his care. Such are friends! He lived but a short time in the enjoyment of his ill-gotten gain, for death came upon him suddenly. After this event, Mr. Goudonniche, whom I used to visit in the Rue du Vieux Colombier,

called upon me, and said; "this proves to us that honesty is the best policy." I am well aware of what he thus fraudulently obtained—the library, silver, and many other things which belonged to your late brother Mr. Leopold."

I will now leave that subject, which I shall return to hereafter. I made the acquaintance of a charming young lady, who had a millinery establishment near the Rue Richlieu. Her name was Madame Paulet, one day when I was visiting her she said to me: Mademoiselle, I have been acquainted with you for sometime, yet I have never dared to offer you a situation in my establishment, because I knew that you were well treated at Madame Harmel's, yet, perhaps, if I were to offer you a better salary you might be tempted to accept a situation with me." I told her that I would consult Madame Harmel, and would give her an answer in a few days. I thought the matter carefully over, and felt afraid that, if I left Madame Harmel's and all the young ladies by whom I was so kindly treated, perhaps I might meet with the same misfortune as I had at Dijon, then again, I thought of the increase of salary, which is a great induce-

ment to a young lady who is anxious to save sufficient money to go into business for herself, which I was desirous of doing, so I concluded to consult Madame Harmel, who said; "My child, I know not what to say, I think it is a good offer, and I would advise you to accept it, the salary is good for a first class hand; you know that I have a young lady in my house who is well acquainted with your part of the business, so go to Madame Paulet's, and do not forget to come to see me sometimes." I felt satisfied, after obtaining the consent and approval of Madame Harmel, and prepared to take the head department at Madame Paulet's establishment. I managed the whole business, and found it was a much easier situation than the one I had held at Madame Harmel's. There was Mr. and Madame Paulet and a very agreeable young lady, named Miss Aline, who was a nice companion for me. Mr. and Madame Paulet were very kind to me. I had their entire confidence and did my utmost to deserve it. I was very happy. I remained there a few months, and found a friend in Miss Aline who had already had some trouble. What was in store for

me my readers will presently see. The business of the house was not very brisk; they did not succeed well in Paris, so they concluded to go to Italy. I thought I should have ample time to secure another situation. One day we had holiday, I knew not for what reason, so I thought I would call upon Madame Champflour. Perhaps my readers will remember Mademoiselle Tourreau du Moulin. Passing through St. Honore street, I thought I would call to see my old friend, Lucille, as she resided there. On reaching her door, I heard a laugh from within. I knocked and then heard some one say, "Oh! how trying!" I knocked again, and heard the query, "Who's there?" I answered, "It is I, Eleonore." At Lucille's summons to come in, I entered and found a young lady with Lucille, who was telling her fortune by cards; she was very anxious to tell mine, but I declined, saying that I had not time to stay, however, I at length consented, and she dealt the cards and made me cut them. At the first cut she said: "Oh, you are going to travel, and you will be invited to mix in grand society, and will have plenty of fun." I treated all she told me as a joke, and left the house to

go to the avenue de la Motte Pique, leading to Madame Champflour's. On my arrival at her residence, and being announced, Madame Champflour entered, and her first words of greeting were, "I am so glad you have called, had you not done so I should have called upon you, as I have something to communicate to you. I received a letter this morning from a lady friend of mine, asking me if I knew any young lady who was qualified to take charge of a millinery establishment at St. Calais. The lady who managed the business is shortly to be married, and now wishes to resign the situation. The gentleman to whom the business belongs will come and give full details. It appears to be a very flourishing establishment." I was not at all inclined to accept the position, as I objected to living in a small town. On my refusal, Mr. Champflour said: "You had better think the matter over; you are well qualified for the position, and may be sorry if you decline it. I shall see the gentleman soon. I looked on the map and found that St. Calais was quite a nice little town, and I should strongly advise you to go there." One great inducement for me to accept the situation, was that

Madame Paulet expected to leave Paris in a few months, and I should then be without a position. I was quite undecided, and very anxious. One day the gentleman from St. Calais called and asked for Mademoiselle Leonore. I was introduced to him, and he commenced speaking in praise of St. Calais. He said the offer he made me was an excellent one, and that the young lady in charge was to be married in a few days, and they were afraid they might have to close the establishment. He also informed me that he had a fancy dry goods store adjoining the millinery, with an apartment which I could occupy; and that if ever the young ladies needed any assistance he was willing to give it. I was not tempted by all these inducements. I told Madame Paulet that I would not leave Paris. She said as I was of a quiet disposition perhaps I might succeed very well in a small town, and there would be less competion there than in Paris. She also said that it would be a satisfaction to her to know that I was settled before she left for Italy. I was almost as undecided as ever, and told the gentleman that I would think the matter over and would then write to him, but he wished to take me

along with him at once but would wait a day or two for me to prepare. I felt almost obliged to accept and made arrangements for leaving for St. Calais (Sarthe.) So I arrived in that "hole," if I may so call it. The wedding was about to be celebrated. They were waiting for Mr. Mercier, who was the proprietor of the establishment. The celebration took place the day after our arrival, and passed off gaily and pleasantly. The young lady who told my fortune at Lucille's must have been a witch as she predicted my journey to St. Calais. Two days after the wedding we took an account of stock and of the household goods. The young lady and her husband were going to live with her mother, who had been very sick in bed for four months. No one thought she would ever recover. I had charge of that little store. Yes! that very little store compared with those in which I had attended in Paris. I was so lonesome that I cried all the time, and wore spectacles to prevent people seeing my red eyes. Crying was of no avail I had to endure my loneliness after all. The season at length arrived for me to go to Paris to make my purchases I was delighted to

be free again to visit Paris and all my friends in that city. I was to leave in two days. On arriving in Paris, I met with all my friends and requested several of them to try to secure a young lady who would come to live with me in St. Calais. It was a difficult matter to find one willing to leave Paris; but at last we met with one, who was charming in every respect, and had been brought up in real Parisian style. I arranged with her parents to keep her for one year, and she waited until I was ready to return. After making my purchases I made inquiries about Madame Harmel, and was told she had married Mr. Roger, grand tenor of the opera. I desired to see her but was told that many of her young ladies had called upon her but were refused admittance. I went to her house, thinking that as she had always been so kind to me, she would not refuse to see me. I sent word that Mademiselle Eleanore wished to see her. She immediately ordered that I should be ushered into the parlor, which was furnished with great magnificence. Madame Roger greeted me with her usual cordiality. She said that I had just arrived at the proper time, as she expected many friends to dine

with her the next day, and she hoped that I would be one of the party. I remained a short time with her and told her of all my troubles in that little town of St. Calais. She bade me have courage and patience. I left her with a promise to join the dinner party the next day. Accordingly I went and Madame Roger jokingly introduced me to the company as Madame de St. Calais. She said: "This is one of my old pupils, to whom I am very much attached she has taken a small store in St. Calais and has come to Paris to make her purchases for the season and was kind enough to call to see me which proves she is not ungrateful, as she has not forgotten me." The time for dinner drew near. We had a delicious repast, and afterwards beguiled the remainder of the day with music, singing and games. When I left, in the evening, Mr. R. accompanied me to the cars which conveyed me to the rue du Maille and my hotel, where I passed a good night.

The next day I completed my purchases, as the time fixed upon for my departure from Paris was drawing near. I was quite reconciled to return to Calais, as I was to be accompanied by the young lady from Paris, who

would be able to converse with me about the capital. At last we commenced our journey, and arrived safely at St. Calais, which the young lady (who had never before left Paris) thought was a country village. She would often say: "I came here only for one year; I will be patient, and try to satisfy you;" and she did all in her power to please me, and we were both very happy. After I came from Paris, I had all the custom of the little town of St. Calais. I never went out except on Sundays, when I went to church, accompanied by Mademoiselle Julie. She seemed perfectly contented. The season was now far advanced and I began to feel lonesome. I really needed Mademoiselle Julie's society, and also her assistance in taking account of stock. She was very intelligent and of great service to me. About this time a life insurance agent came from Paris to St. Calais. A great many persons insured their lives; but as to myself I did not immediately make up my mind. After the gentleman had called several times I decided to take a policy for the benefit of one of my nieces thinking that as I had no fortune to give her, she would have that much if I died. I paid my premium regularly. The

agent was often in my store. He offered me his services to write down the inventory, I remarked that perhaps he might be in a hurry, and it would detain him too long, but he insisted, and as it was no small undertaking, I allowed him to do it. The account of stock was furnished, yet still the gentleman lingered so I asked him why he did not leave, and he appeared much confused, and said: "Mademoiselle, I have insured your life, and I should like to insure myself of your existence." I became confused also, and asked him what he meant, and why he became so excited. He said it was because he loved me. I was much pleased with him, but I did not know him sufficiently, as he had arrived an entire stranger from Paris. I inquired if he was a married man, as I should expect to know if he was free before I could give him an answer. He hesitated for some time before replying to my question but finally said that he would not deceive me, he was a married man. "Well," said I, "that is all I want to know; I thank you for your services; you can leave when you please, and the sooner the better." I preferred not to see him again, and I wished to forget him. Another trip to Paris was

necessary for making some purchases. I took Mademoiselle Julie with me, and to my great regret she remained with her family. As soon as my business was transacted I returned to my store alone, without my little Julie. Shortly afterwards I received a letter from her: saying that she was about to be married, but would tell me more when I went to Paris for my summer purchases. The time for my next trip at length arrived, and I was invited by her and her parents to the wedding. When I saw that charming young girl married, I was as happy as if she had been my own daughter. I left her enjoying good health, which ought to have made her happy, had not God decided otherwise. So I once more returned to St. Calais to pass six more long months of labor. I had taken another young girl from Paris who had been given into my charge by her mother, with the most earnest entreaty that I would induce her to take her first communion I promised, that I would discharge this duty faithfully. When the time arrived that the children were to be presented to the Curé, I recommended the young girl to him as she had been recommended to me by her mother. He watched

over her for a month and was satisfied with her behavior; she was very shrewd and intelligent. I had prepared all her toilet for communion as if she had been my own daughter. On this day all the children appeared joyful, but she said nothing. I thought it very strange. At church the ceremonies were very imposing, and ought to have made a lasting impression on all those young hearts. It was noon when we returned home; I had prepared the dinner, yet still this young girl said nothing. At last I said to her: "Mademoiselle Susanne, are you satisfied with what you have done?" She answered: "Yes;" but I did not think she meant what she said. In the afternoon she returned with me to church. Some few weeks afterwards, near the time of the second communion, when the children were to go to confession, Susanne did not mention the subject and her silence astonished me. I said to her: "Mademoiselle, have you no intention of going to confession?" She gave me no answer. I said to her: "My little Susanne, I fear you have not made a good communion?" She then said to me: "Mademoiselle, I will tell you the truth; I did not

believe in what I was doing on the day of communion. When I received the Host I kept it in my mouth, and when we walked in procession around the church, I threw it in a corner. "Why," said I: "Poor child! I am sorry for that." I was really vexed; she was altogether too deceitful. I did not keep her much longer, but when I next went to Paris, I took her back to her mother, and told her how dissatisfied I had been with her. After transacting my business, I visited my friends, and among the rest, the parents of Mademoiselle Julie, as I wished to get their daughter's address. On arriving at their house I was much shocked to find that Mademoiselle Julie had died three months after her marriage. "Poor child!" said I; "she is now exempt from a great deal of trouble." I tried to comfort her mother and left feeling very sad. I once more returned to St. Calais and continued my labors; I was anxious to succeed. I bore all that daily happened to me with meekness, sometimes shedding tears. One day I received a letter and some verses: "As a favor, may I depend upon your keeping this a profound secret; you do not know the person

who writes this; you never see him; therefore do not try to find out who he is. Be assured it is a friend of yours, and does not doubt but that you will keep the secret. He would be happy to receive a few lines from you with the above assurance. If you deem this worthy of an answer, please address your letter to Mr. ———, Post Office, and I can get it from there. I am respectfully, etc." This letter and the verses were for me. I said to myself: "Perhaps it is to try me," as I have always been prudent for fear of being misjudged, I did not reply, and all was forgotton. It seems that the person who wrote these verses had watched me ever since I had been here. I suspected from whom they came. I continued my labors with the same spirit and energy; it was my only desire to succeed. My fate seemed to be to change from one place to another. Often I did not wish to change, but circumstances would overcome all my desires. I had visitors sometimes, and they could see that I was low-spirited and often sick. Mr. and Mrs. Mercier were just as they had been represented to me: Madame M. had her mother and father with her, and they did everything

in their power to make me happy. The old gentleman used to loan me newspapers, which was a great comfort to me. The season was very fine, and the two young ladies I had with me and those in Mr. Mercier's store asked me to join them in an excursion to the country. As I wished to please them, I agreed to go the next day. We had to seek a horse and wagon. Mr. M. paid the expenses, and allowed one of his clerks to accompany us as driver, and off we started full of fun for a good ramble. We frequently got out of the wagon to gather fruits and flowers. Late in the day I felt fatigued, and the young girls got out and I remained in the wagon alone waiting for them. Somehow or other I let the reins fall upon the horse which took fright and ran away. I fell out under the wheels; I cried out: "Oh, save me! I shall be killed!" My cries caught the ears of my companions, who came to my assistance. The young man stopped the horse, and I was taken out from under the wheels in the greatest pain. My bonnet and the skirt of my dress were both torn to pieces. My friends seated me on the grass, until some other wagon came along to take me

home, as I would not ride in the one we came in. After awhile they got a farmer's wagon, which came along laden with grain. I seated myself on the sacks and at last arrived at home. A doctor was sent for, who assured me that I had no broken bones, but that I was otherwise seriously injured, and that I needed great care and attention, and good nursing. I obtained a nurse who took great care of me. I had a very bad night; Mr. and Mrs. Mercier remained with me until morning, they were afraid I would die. Towards morning I felt better. The doctor called and told me I must keep quiet and not think of business at all; all I needed was rest and good nursing. I daily grew better, and after twenty-two days was able to leave my bed. Had I not recovered before the end of three months, as the doctor said, I should have missed my winter custom; however, I recovered in time to go to Paris to make my winter purchases. I was always pleased to go to Paris on that errand. While there I met with a young girl from my native place who was out of employment. I proposed to take her along with me, and she accepted my offer, and we left for St. Calais.

We had a fine winter, and were very busy. Eugenie, for that was her name, conducted herself well, and worked very hard; she was quite young. I gave her many presents and told her that I would always be a friend to her. She said that she would do her best to please me. Six months elapsed and another season was approaching. Eugenie remarked to me that she could not understand why I remained in such a small town; that with the talents I possessed I could do more in Paris in three months than I could do here in three years, and it was so lonesome in that place. "But," said I, "what should I do with my stock and furniture?" "Oh!" she replied, "I know a young lady in Paris who is to be married shortly, she has an aunt living with her who does not like Paris, and would be pleased to secure an established millinery business in a country town. She so prevailed on me that I made up my mind to write to the lady. They all three came over to St. Calais at once. We took account of stock and fixtures. They gave me their notes in part payment, which notes were never paid. I retained my clothes and bedding and set out for Paris. I took a suite of rooms in the

rue du Maille, which I fitted up in the best manner that I could. I put in a stock of goods, obtained customers and did well during the busy season. When the dull time set in I made up my mind to visit my mother, whom I had not seen since the death of my beloved father; so I informed Eugenie of my intention, and she seemed delighted at the idea of being left alone. I then said to her, "Eugenie, do you feel confident that you can carry on the business in my absence; do all the work and be faithful and conduct yourself properly?" She said, "Mademoiselle, you may depend upon me; you will never regret placing your trust in me." After completing my preparations for my journey, Eugenie accompanied me to the railroad depot. I gave her one hundred francs; she also had bills to collect and had plenty of goods in the store. I bade her good bye, and went on my journey. I arrived safely at my mother's residence and found my mother very low spirited; she had been so ever since the death of my father. I comforted her, in the best manner that I could; and stayed some time with her and my sisters. Eugenie wrote to me often, but never mentioned the business;

In one of my letters I asked her why she never said a word about the business and in her reply she said that the business was "all right," and that she was about to be married, that she had become acquainted with a gentleman who did not wish her to work any more. She also said that when married her home would be mine, and that I should be welcome. I became uneasy, and thought it advisable to write to a lady friend of hers, with whom I was acquainted and make inquiries about Eugenie and my business. I requested an early reply and received one by return of post, saying that she thought there was something wrong with Eugenie; that she had loaned her several things, and had much trouble in getting her to return them. This letter convinced me that my suspicions were correct and I hastened to return home. I bade adieu to my mother and sisters and arrived once more at home. I inquired of the janitor for Mlle. Eugenie. "Why," said he, "she moved away some time ago; she returned one day with a letter which she said was from you, which said that; owing to family affairs, you would remain with your mother, and that she was to give up the rooms

and sell the furniture, I know nothing more; as to her whereabouts, I can give you no information; perhaps the agent at the corner may know where she has gone." I immediately called on him. At first he did not appear to understand me, but as soon as I handed him a gold piece he gave me her address and took me to her house, which was in a narrow street and on the fifth floor of a very dilapidated old building. I knocked at the door and heard her ask the question, "Who is there?" I answered, "Eleonore;" on which she opened the door and rushed into my arms to give me a friendly kiss. I pushed her back, and glancing around the room I saw my feather bed on the floor, my trunks and boxes piled up, and as a matter of course all empty, "Where are all my goods?" I inquired. She answered "at the pawnbrokers." I then decided to go and consult my counsel, Mr. M., who had obtained my pay from Dijon. I related to him all that had transpired, giving him a full account of the ungrateful girl's proceedings. He felt sorry for me, but blamed me very much for having placed such implicit faith in such girls. He advised me to send for her, and try to

obtain from her the pawnbroker's tickets, if she had not already destroyed them. I followed his advice and sent for her immediately. She came, and Mr. M. asked her for the tickets; she said she had not brought them with her; he then notified her that she must produce them in thirty minutes or he would have her arrested. She went out and returned with a few of them, my counsel told her that she was guilty of a breach of trust, and that it was in my power to have her arrested, but all this did not affect or intimidate her in the least; she remained perfectly calm. "What will you do with this unfortunate girl, Mademoiselle Eleonore?" inquired Mr. M. "Let her return to me my bedding," said I, to which she agreed, and then left the office. I remained there a few moments not knowing what to do, I had taken a room at the Hotel Conti. I now went there and sent for my bedding, when it came I found it in such a filthy condition that I had to send it to a mattress-makers to be cleaned. Then I found that she had taken out the feathers, to make a bed for herself, and had filled up mine with hair and other trash. The repairing and cleaning cost me thirty-eight dollars. I then

engaged a carriage for half a day to collect my goods from the different pawnbrokers, for she had pledged them in so many places that she had to send a sister of her's with whom she lived to show me each office; it cost me one hundred and eighty francs. After that hard day's work, I returned to my hotel, more dead than alive, there I seated myself in my room to receive my goods, which came in, bundle after bundle, all in disorder, I had the whole of them piled up in a corner of my room, they looked as if they had come out of a fire. My heart was so sore that I concluded to remain a few days at my hotel to rest myself, at the end of that time I went in quest of a place of business, where I intended to commence anew. I took a suite of rooms on the first floor rue des Capucines, I took with me a widow lady with whom I had become acquainted while at my mother's, she proposed to live with me, saying that she would endeavor to comfort me and help me to recover from the grief and sorrow that I had experienced from Eugenie's ungrateful conduct. I accepted her offer, she was very friendly towards me, and was therefore pleasant company; I remained there for a while,

business was dull, but I cleared sufficient to pay all expenses. One day there were a great many customers in the store, when a young man came in who is called in Paris a placier, one who sells goods on commission, he had with him several boxes of flowers which he wished me to look at, but I told him I was busy and that I did not want any flowers, but he insisted on showing me a box of clematis which I finally bought and paid him for, and he left. Time was gliding swiftly away. The dull season was setting in, and I did not want to be idle, I thought of Vichy, where I had already spent a few seasons; I made ready and went there leaving my store in the charge of the widow lady. I arrived safely at Vichy and found all my friends glad to see me, I rented a store on the Place Grande Fontaine, which I fitted up as nicely as I could, and put up my sign, "Modes Parisiennes!" I had brought a fresh stock of goods from Paris, I soon got plenty of custom, and did well the whole season; I had two rooms in the house and had two young girls in my employ, one as an apprentice, the other as a servant. Vichy is a charming place, people from all parts of the world were there during the

season; I liked the place very much and wished I could remain there longer, the season commences on the 15th May and ends on the 1st September, when all becomes quiet and dreary at Vichy, I knew this, but I had succeeded so well, and had had so many trials in the large cities, that at the request of several friends, I concluded to remain there during the winter. I did not dream of what was in store for me. In the cold season I had only sufficient business for one person, it did not require much to keep me. In October the cold weather and rain made the place very gloomy, but I had visitors who somewhat cheered me, I must here state that the gentleman who sold me the box of flowers, rue des Capucines, Paris, had called there several times and inquired where I had gone to, he was told to Vichy, and would not return to Paris unless it was to purchase goods. As I had ordered all my goods to be sent to me being almost without any, I was obliged to make some purchases, but did not go to Paris but went instead to Clermont Ferrand and obtained a few goods to fill up an order for a wedding. When I arrived at Clermont, I put up at the "Hotel Cardy," they gave me a

room, and being fatigued, I retired to rest. On going to breakfast in the morning the Mistress of the hotel told me that a flower merchant was waiting to see me, as she had told him, that I was here, and wished to purchase some flowers. At that moment he entered the hall, and she told him that I was the lady who wanted some flowers. He looked at me and said: "I recognize the lady," but I did not recollect him at all. I took my breakfast, and made ready to go out to make my purchases. There was also in the hotel a silk merchant. I went to his establishment and made selections of what I wanted in his line. From there I went to the flower merchant. As soon as I went into the store, he said: "Mademoiselle, do you know me?" I answered in the negative. He then asked me if I remembered the box of clematis flowers that he sold me, in rue des Capucines, Paris. I made a few purchases of flowers and returned to my hotel for dinner. At the table the flower merchant seated himself near to me, and made himself very agreeable. He invited me to go with him to the theatre that evening, and finally told me, that he wished to talk with me on a very important subject. I consented

to listen to him, and he told me of all his troubles and misfortunes; that he had lived with a woman for two years, and she at last ran away from him after stealing all he possessed, and left him with two children. I begged him to cease this recital, but he would continue, and told me of all his trials, ending by telling me that since he had seen me rue des Capucines, he had always thought of me, and that he hoped I would allow him to see me often, and give him the promise to accept him for a husband; if so, he would leave satisfied, but should I refuse him, he felt that he could not survive, and that it would be death to him. I told him that I had also met with sorrows and misfortunes, from which I had not yet recovered, that I did not think of marrying, that I had no desire for it at all at present. Then he said: "You are young now, but when you grow older you would find it a great comfort to have some one to take care of you." "Yes, indeed," I said, "it is just now that I need the care of an affectionate husband." I told him that one reason why I objected to marrying him was because he was so much younger than myself. I would not give him any promise,

and said that my mind was made up never to marry a man who was my junior. He talked much about Vichy. His conversation was so interesting, and his manner so agreeable to me, that I experienced a friendly feeling for him, but would not give him any hope. He sought me everywhere, while I remained in town. When I had completed my purchases I left for Vichy very much troubled about the flower merchant. Once at home, in my own little store, I found rest, and all went on pleasantly. Some few days after my return home I received a letter from him. He had written to his mother about me. She approved of his intention of marrying. His letter was written in such an affectionate style, and was full of such fine promises for my welfare and happiness, that I felt undecided. I wrote to my mother telling her all I knew of this Mr. M., and of my feelings towards him, and asking her advice in the matter, and telling her that I thought marriages were generally unhappy when the husband was younger than his wife. In her reply, she said she did not approve of such a marriage, and that she had received a letter from Mr. M., and also one from his

mother, full of affection and great promises, saying that the difference in age was to be set aside, and that her son would make my life happy. My mother's letter went on to say that it would be a comfort to her when she died to know that I was settled in life, with a good husband to care for me. She ended her letter by giving her consent, and left me at liberty to decide for myself. Mr. M. continued to write to me. I often, in my letters, gave him a little hope. About a month after I had met him at Clermont, he arrived at my house in Vichy, his coming was so unexpected that I could not look at him. I could not keep him in my house, as it would have been improper, and as there was a hotel in the same building I engaged a room there for him. He used to remain with me all day, and retire to his room at night. His mother often wrote to me. She knew well how to write letters of fine promises. It cost her nothing to make promises and to tell untruths. Her last letter appeared so very affectionate towards me that I concluded to marry him, and fixed the 10th of January for the wedding day. His mother sent us each from Paris a case full of clothes. I thought

they were presents, but she charged them to her son's account. I expected my sister from D'Ussel on the morning of the 10th, but at the hour of starting she had not arrived. It was a very cold day; I got into the carriage with the bridesmaids. We arrived at the church where the wedding was to be celebrated, and just as the ceremony ended my sister arrived. I was very much pleased to see her. I had ordered dinner at a hotel, and had invited several of my friends. The groomsman was a friend of Mr. M. We spent the day very pleasantly. The next morning we left for Paris, where we arrived after a day's journey. We went to rue St. Antoinne. My husband's mother had prepared a suite of rooms for us in her house. The next day she called to see us. She appeared to be a very good lady, she said that she would expect us to dine with her the next day, she had invited quite a number of friends. It was a very grand dinner. After it was over they showed me Mr. M.'s little girl, I cannot describe how I felt when I saw her. She was only about fifteen months old. I felt sure that I could never like the child, and was glad to hear that my husband's mo-

ther had decided to take charge of her, and that I should never have to care for her. This was all false, and one of her many promises. At night we returned to our lodgings and retired to rest. I was not feeling at all well, and was taken sick for a whole month. During that illness Mr. M.'s mother showed me but little affection or attention. We could not stay long in Paris, but had to return to Vichy. The season of spring was approaching, and I needed goods. I had spent a great deal of money for our wedding and travelling expenses. As I have stated before, I had an insurance policy on my life, Mr. M. said I had better sell it. I agreed to this, and he sold it for three hundred francs, with which money he bought a horse and wagon. He wanted to travel through the country, so we set out to drive to my mother's. We travelled over rough and muddy roads; Mr. M. drove. We arrived at my dear mother's and were welcomed by her. After having introduced my husband to all my relatives we returned to Vichy by way of Clermont Ferrand, where we remained all night. Mr. M. took me to the theatre, we sat near the stage, and I noticed that one of the actresses looked at us

very earnestly almost all the time. After the first or second act Mr. M. motioned to her to come to us, and when she did so, he told her he was married and introduced me to her, she said; "I congratulate you, you did right to give up your bachelor's life." The following day we prepared to return to Vichy. I had a great deal of business to attend to; Mr. M. sold the horse and wagon, he wanted to peddle goods in the country, so he bought a stock altogether different from mine, and we departed for Vichy, where I went to work with good spirits and had a very profitable season. Mr. M. travelled from Vichy to Cleremont, spending money and running in debt. The season was fast drawing to a close, and the visitors were leaving Vichy. At that time a gentleman came from whom Mr. M. had bought a lot of goods, I knew not of what kind, he could not sell them, and they were consequently left on his hands, he had not paid for them, and the gentleman wanted the money, this was the commencement of the troubles of my married life. Mr. M. put the gentleman off with the assurance that he would pay him shortly, all this made Mr. M. angry.

One Sunday we were sitting in the store. and he was reading and I listening, when I remarked that a person who was looking into the store, resembled some one, and I mentioned the name of the person whom I thought he resembled, when Mr. M. jumped up suddenly in great anger, kicked a hole through a glass case and broke something inside. His rage lasted about half an hour. The young ladies were in the store, but ran off almost frightened to death. It was then that I commenced to regret having changed my single life. At the end of the season, we were one day putting our stock in order in the store when the gentleman to whom Mr. M. owed some money for goods came in. Not suceeding in getting any money from him, he levied on my goods and furniture, and closed up my store. Mr. M. went away and left me until all was sold at sheriff's sale. I was obliged to leave Vichy where I had been so successful by working hard. We went to Paris where Mr. M. opened a flower store, and I made up millinery. This lasted a few months ; we had Mr. M.'s little girl with us, whom his mother said she would keep, the little girl was growing quite tall. The other child, a boy, was in

the country with the mother of one of Mr. M.'s mother's servant girls. I had never seen him. He was a year older than his sister. Mr. M.'s mother visted us sometimes, but I did not like her, we continued in this way about a year, and then business commenced to grow dull. Mr. M. could not meet his liabilities, and failed again. We could not continue in business and had to think about leaving Paris. In the mean time we rented a room rue St. Honnore, and the little girl was sent to boarding school. Mr. M. went away to Switzerland and left me alone in that room, until he could send for me, at last he wrote for me to come to him, and bring the little girl with me. I once more left Paris, and we arrived safely in Switzerland where Mr. M. had a sister-in-law, I will say nothing of her husband, she was a charming woman, she died a few years ago, leaving many friends and happy remembrances behind he . She received us with great pleasure and treated me very kindly. We remained with her a few days, when we left for Marseilles. There we put up at a hotel for a short time, but as we could not stay there without paying board, my husband had to pawn his watch and mine

also, in order to pay the hotel bill, all this gave me great pain and sorrow, I was compelled to pass with him through all his difficulties. While waiting for something to turn up, I made the acquaintance of a lady for whom I made a dress bonnet which pleased her very much; so much, that in a few days she engaged me to go with her to Paris to purchase a stock of goods for opening a millinery store. Mr. M. and his little girl remained with this lady's husband, and we started for Paris, where we remained two weeks, and then returned home with a full assortment of new goods. She met with immediate success, and made money. Mr. M. had nothing to do; neither had the gentleman with whom we lived. One day they commenced quarrelling, and Mr. M. decided to leave Marseilles, and I had to go with him. We took the little girl and sailed for Hamburg. We had a fine passage, but were seasick. The little girl was very troublesome, as children generally are when travelling. On our arrival at Hamburg we put up at a large hotel, where everything was comfortable. Mr. M. had a stock of flowers, which he sold to pay our expenses He wished to go

elsewhere, but we had no money. Fortunately I obtained some work at my trade, and earned sufficient to pay expenses. I then worked in my room. It was in that room that I heard Mr. M. say to his little girl, "When will the time come when we can work for your mother? It is she who works for all three now." Yes, that time has come. Business was becoming dull with me. So Mr. M. concluded to go away. I was to remain where I was until he wrote for me to join him, wherever he might be. I supported the little girl and myself. When he wrote for me I went to him; he sold some flowers, and we sailed for Liverpool, where we arrived safely. I found Liverpool a charming city. We put up at a hotel where they spoke French. The landlord was a very rough man; he had two daughters who always trembled when they addressed him. He was rough both in language and manners. We had a few goods which were not saleable. The expenses of three persons in a hotel mount up rapidly. I did my best to obtain work, but met with no success. I made a few millinery articles and sold them to help us along. I did some work for a lady who had married a second time;

she had several daughters by her first husband. They were much pleased with some bonnets I made for them. I often called to see them. They had taken a liking to me, and were always glad to see me. One day the lady's husband told her that she ought to go into the millinery business; that it would give employment to her daughters, and that Madam could take charge of the establishment. She made me the offer and said she would give me a salary of $50 per month and five per cent. on all the sales. I accepted at once, with the hope that I should remain there for a long time. We rented a house from a very stingy lady named Grimes. Mr. M. lived there with his child and a servant; he gave a few French lessons. I will pass over all that I suffered in that house, not on my own account but on Mr. M.'s; if he ever reads this book (I may be blind then), he may well say, "*mea culpa;*" it was all my fault. I was very happy in that store. I worked with good spirits, and was well treated, but always dreaded to go home. Mr. M. had become so cross towards me on account of his little girl, I could not please him in any way. I could not say a word but

he would abuse me in a most shameful manner. The child had become so ungovernable that I could not do anything with her. My house had become so unhappy that I wanted to leave it. My employment at the store continued on pleasantly for several months, but there are always some persons who are jealous of the success of others. A lady, an acquaintance of Mrs. Wigwal's (this was the name of the lady who employed me), told her that she paid me too high a salary, which took away all the profits, and that she would take my place and give satisfaction for $50 per month without the percentage on the sales. Of course, every one must look to their own interest. The matter was talked over between Mr. and Mrs. Wigwall. Mrs. Wigwall, who liked me very much, said that it would not be proper to discharge me without giving me notice, so she informed me that she could not continue to give so high a salary; that business did not warrant it. Thus in due time I was discharged through an intriguing woman. Then I had to go to my unhappy home, which with the assistance of Mrs. Wigwal, had been furnished very comfortably, my work paying for all. I had good bedding and the neces-

sary furniture, but what was I to do now? Mr. M. continued giving French lessons, but what he earned was not sufficient to support us and pay the rent to our stingy landlady. I had no work, and on the day the rent was due the agent called to receive it, but I had not one cent in the house, so I put him off until the next day. I went to see Mrs. Wigwal; as soon as she saw me she knew from the expression of my countenance that I was in trouble. I told her my errand, and she immediately gave me the money. Dear good lady! I shall never forget her. I returned home, and paid my rent, which relieved my mind until the next month came round, then we were obliged to remove. We rented two rooms from Mr. Kennedy. We had all the furniture, which had been procured for us by good Mrs. Wigwal, but I had not entirely paid for it as yet. When the landlord called for his rent, I had no money. As I was the only one to see him, and attend to all, I did not know what to do. I again borrowed money to pay the rent. In the meantime, Mr. M. had become acquainted with a lady who was about to remove to Manchester, and keep house. She advised him to

sell our furniture, and go there also, and remain with them until he could get something to do. We accepted her offer, sold our furniture, and Mr. M. left for Manchester, I following him, accompanied by the lady and Mrs. M.'s little girl. We remained there a short time, but I will not enter into all the details of what took place during our stay in that lady's house. I wish to spare Mr. M.'s feelings, as it is my nature to be merciful. About this time, I received the news of my dear mother's death, which caused me very great sorrow. I thanked God that I had never told her how unhappily I lived with Mr. M., for had she known the result of my marriage, she would have died broken-hearted. Mr. M. now decided to emigrate to Quebec, in Canada, accompanied by his little girl. I was to remain behind until he wrote for me to follow him. After he left, I thought I could get along much better alone. We had bought furniture for our room in Manchester. Before I left Liverpool, I got letters of recommendation from the French consul, with whom I was acquainted. These letters proved of great service to me as they enabled me to collect sufficient money among the business men

to pay Mr. M.'s fare to Quebec, and I now collected for my own, in order to be ready to join him when he wrote for me to do so. He took no money with him, so I sent him three hundred francs soon after his arrival at Quebec. At last, I received a letter from him desiring me to commence my voyage immediately. I have already stated that he took his daughter with him. His son was in France. He never spoke of him. Before leaving, I wished to dispose of my furniture, and asked the landlady to direct me to a furniture dealer's. "Oh!" said she, "Mr. M. sold all your furniture to me before he left." Thus I again found myself deceived I went to a lawyer, who spoke French, and stated my case. He told me I had a good case, but that it would take two or three months to go through with it, and would cost me more money than all the furniture was worth, and I had better do nothing more in the matter. I took his advice, and left that dishonest woman's house for Paris. Previously collecting a little more money, I concluded to seek Mr. M.'s little boy, and take him along with me to Canada. Perhaps the child might love me, and if we should never return

to France, what would become of him. Accordingly, I went to Clermont Ferrand. I found the child in the country. He was about five years of age. I took him to his grandmother's (Mr. M.'s mother's), in Paris. She gave me fifteen francs to assist me in buying him some clothes, and after dressing him, I left immediately for England, where we put up at a hotel. I had no money, but had a few goods, so made up some articles of millinery, which I sold to the mistress of the hotel. I had a little jewelry, mementos from my sisters; these I sold, and as much of my wardrobe as was necessary to make up the amount required for our expenses. I was pleased at the idea of uniting Mr. M.'s whole family. I had only sufficient money to pay our fares in a sailing vessel, and we commenced our thirty days' trip. I had previously written to Mr. M., telling him that I was coming, accompanied by his son. We arrived in safety, thank God! and were received by Mr. M. very kindly and was overjoyed to see us; he told me he would never *forget what I had done.* After being left behind alone without any means whatsoever, but my courage and faith in God and

in Providence to have accomplished so much to make him happy. I felt much affection for his son; I liked him much better than his daughter. I found Mr. M. pretty well fixed; he had opened a school in a fair style; he had for his pupils young gentlemen and ladies. We were well thought of by the community. and often had invitations to dine out. Quebec, is a fine little city, but the climate is very cold. The winters are about six months in length with plenty of snow. I remember riding in a sleigh over snow higher than the roofs of houses, it was very dangerous, and frightened me very much when we were driving rapidly. I now return to my subject. One day a minister called to take lessons in French from Mr. M. who went to his house three times a week. This continued for about three months, when the minister asked Mr. M. if he would accept the post of director in a college to prepare students for the ministry There were a dozen pupils, he said, and the house was well furnished. Mr. M. accepted the offer at once, so we started for the college at "Sabrevois Mission." The house was very comfortable, and we had everything we needed. We had

two servant girls, a man servant, a cow, a horse, a wagon and a sleigh. Mr. M. used to go to a little village called St. Jean, a few miles from the college. I will be indulgent again for Mr. M. who went there *very often*, as often as he pleased, *and came back* when it suited him. We lived there very happily. The farmers (Habitants) as they are called, were very kind to us. There was a Sewing Society in the Mission; they met once a week, when the ladies congregated and had a supper in the evening. Their husbands would call and take them home. The minister of the Mission was a very pious man and a good Christian, and very kind to us. He conducted the service in French as the congregation was of French Canadians; while there we lived perfectly happy and contented. This might have lasted a long time. The brother of Mr. M. who was with us and instructed the pupils in Greek and Latin during the time that he remained with us. We had been in that comfortable place about three years when a change took place. A minister was appointed to the entire charge of the college, &c., for that reason or perhaps some other reason Mr. M. was discharged, and we had to leave

that pleasant home; we next started for a little place called Coticaskie where there resided a rich gentlemen who had made us fine promises which he did not fulfil. We remained there a few months; one Sunday in company with a lady friend I went to attend church service a few miles distant, and there I was introduced to two gentlemen who questioned me a great deal about Mr. M. They took some notes about him and a few days afterwards paid us a visit. They had a long conversation with Mr. M., and advised him to go to Montreal; they thought he would go through on examination successfully, and be received as a minister for the French population. We started:—it was for a good cause. I must here state that before we left Quebec, we all of us had joined the Episcopal Church of which Bishop Montaigne had charge. Mr. M. went through his examination satisfactorily, and was consecrated a Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The ceremony took place in St. John's Church. There was present at it twelve ministers. The ceremony was very imposing, and I did send up my most fervant prayers to God for so great a blessing. I then thought

that *all my trials and deceptions had ended and that I would be happy for the future* Mr. M. had a fair salary, and we opened a school for young ladies in a very comfortable house, but Mr. M. was never satisfied. He always wanted more. He made up his mind to have a larger house. There was at that time a vacant house next door. He proposed to the landlord to rent it. He consented, and we took it, which made our rent six hundred dollars instead of three hundred, and nothing but a few pupils to help us to pay the rent. Very soon we found ourselves unable to pay our rent and we became more and more embarrassed. The landlord was a Jew, and was very strict. He wanted his rent on the day it was due. I often visited his wife and gave lessons in conversation to her daughters, so I often had to request her to beg her husband to wait for the rent. It was always I who had to attend to such disagreeable matters, At last we had to move out of the house. We took another at a lower rent. We had a few young lady boarders, but not enough to pay expenses. Mr. M. saw that we could not stand it any longer, so he clandestinely left for Philadelphia, with his daugh-

ter, leaving me to settle with the landlord and other creditors:—it was always I who had to wind up the business:—but when business is commenced wrong, it is not easy to settle it. When I had sold our furniture, there was just enough left to pay the landlord. I was reduced to that. So I had to go to the Treasurer of the Church, and tell him that Mr. M. was gone and would not return. If he would have the goodness to inform that landlord, that I was going to join my husband, and must sell my furniture. This I did. I here pass over in silence something that was very disagreeable for me, and which caused me great annoyance and trouble.

I finally left Canada to come to Pennsylvania, with my companion (Mr. M.'s son.) I had become attached to that child. I really loved him, so much so that his ill-disposed sister was jealous of it. We left in a snow storm. The train that was to leave in the evening only left the next morning. When we reached Philadelphia, I was astonished to find such fine weather, and was pleased to join Mr. M. once more. He was not yet very well established, but he had hopes, and with hope we lived. We had

lodging rooms which were not very suitable. We remained there a few days and then moved to another lodging house which suited us better. Mr. M. had opened a Sunday Service in a school house for morning and evening Prayers which was well attended. He had however no salary and we had to make out in some way. There came regularly to the Services a young French girl with her father, the young girl understood how to make collections. I took her along with me a few times, and after that I could do it myself.

Where we then lived we were very comfortable with the hopes of doing better. There was a certain woman, who attended our Church very regularly who did all she could to attract notice, and succeeded pretty well in doing so. We were in the habit of talking to all the strangers that attended Church in order to encourage them to come, but this person did not need any encouragement. Unfortunately for me, I did not know at the time who she was, so I then spoke to her, and invited her to call and see us, which she did very willingly. I continued my collections which were very good and brought money home every day. I was beginning to create

a good salary for Mr. M. That woman (for I cannot call her a lady) asked Mr. M. to give her French lessons, which he agreed to do. She would come to our house three times a week to take her lessons. On a certain day I had a lady sewing for me, she was in my room, and she could see into the room opposite where Mr. M. was giving a lesson to that woman.

She kept looking towards them, and at last. said, with a smile. "Are you not jealous?" pointing to them. "Oh! no," said I; "she is a friend." The young person laughed and kept her thoughts to herself. She has, since then, many a time recalled that circumstance to my mind. The woman in question then took her lessons in the day-time, and at a later period, took them at night. I remember that one evening when her lesson was finished, the weather was very inclement, and when I conducted her to the door, I was afraid she might fall, and suggested to Mr. M. the propriety of accompanying her home. He said that he did not know her well enough to go out with her. I continued to make my collection which were getting better and better; we were all four of us together,

the daughter was hard to control—answering that she was old enough to take care of herself.

She wanted to go to New Orleans. I told her father that she ought not to go so far, that I had a friend who had come from Boston, and who said she could obtain for her a very advantageous place in that city; that from Boston she could from time to time, pay a visit to her father. Mr. M. told this to his daughter. Her reply was, that she was able to take care of herself. Being able to do nothing more, I let her go, after furnishing her with a suitable outfit. When she was gone, the son still remained with us. I always had an affection for him, although he was spoilt by that woman and others, as will be seen hereafter.

I continued my collections, which were better and better. Some days I had five, six, eight, ten and even twenty dollars. I cannot forget the generosity of the American people in my behalf. The amounts I thus obtained made for my husband a salary of from six to eight hundred dollars per annum. Every day, winter or summer, rain or shine, I was out attending to this business. I had

no other thought than of continuing my labors. Mr. M. had some scholars, a good income, a well furnished house, in fine nothing was wanting to him in the sight of every one except himself. At this time Mr. M. was preaching in a provisional church in the neighborhood of our residence, and Mr. M.'s son was in an educational establishment. We were therefore alone in the house—Mr. M. and I. The woman above mentioned continued her visits to our house. On Sundays she would go to the church, and after the service would come to our house and remain until ten o'clock at night; any gentleman who happened to be at the house would then escort her home. This she always asked for, stating that there were evil-disposed persons in the street, and she might be insulted. What humbug! Finally she began to insist that it was the minister's duty, and not that of his visitors to conduct her home. So it became a part of his *ministerial duties* to conduct this sensitive creature to her residence every Sunday evening, and sometimes it took them an hour to walk two squares.

About this time Mr. M. got into his head the idea of bringing his mother and

stepfather from France. He wrote frequently, and at last obtained the answer that they had made up their minds to come. This pleased him much, as he thought the presence of his mother would be of service to him, as I was out every day making collections. One day Mr. M. received a letter announcing their arrival at New York, and that he must proceed there to meet them. My husband said to me, "If you are afraid of being alone Mrs. * * * will sleep with you in my absence." The *lady* accordingly came to bid adieu to Mr. M., and was requested to remain with me; but as she said she had a great deal to do, she promised to come in the evening. I waited until ten o'clock at night, and still she did not make her appearance. The servant began to become impatient, and at last she came—not alone, be it understood. I thought she was going to come in, but she remained for twenty minutes at the door in conversation with her cavalier. At last she entered, and I must confess that I did not extend to her a very flattering welcome. The night passed away without any conversation between us. The next evening my husband returned with his parents. I was glad to see

them, and was far from dreaming that my new mother would in a few months drive me out of my house. Now we were a family—father, mother, husband, wife and son. The lady in question came immediately to pay her respects to my stepmother, and in a short time they were strong friends. Every day she came to take her lesson in French. To keep me from thinking there was anything out of the way in this (as the pupils generally took their lessons twice or three times a week), the old lady said she desired to take lessons in English. "Oh!" said Mr. M., "Mrs. * * * will give you lessons with pleasure." The intimacy nevertheless began to appear strange to me. The old lady and she were together all the time, and there seemed to be some grand secret between them. There were notes and letters also being handed backwards and forwards between them. The time passed, but not very agreeably for me. A letter came from my husband's daughter, announcing her intended marriage, and asking for a silk dress. Mr. M. believed every word of this, and was in a hurry to purchase the dress and send his daughter a box. The purchases were accordingly made, and I who was only too good,

bought all sorts of ladies wear for her trousseau. Whether the marriage, however, really took place, I do not know. Not to weary the reader, I pass by many things which I could narrate. I had much cause for complaint in regard to the strange intimacy which had sprung up between my mother-in-law and her new acquaintance. Two years had now elapsed since we rented the house in which we lived, and my stepson had left his college and taken a position in a store. He took his meals at home. Mr. M. often got tickets for lectures, concerts, &c. These he gave to his son to escort Madame * * *. He did not *as yet* dare to do so himself. One day a friend of the family informed me that he had met Mr. M. and Madame * * * at Fairmount, taking a promenade. He said Mr. M. seemed much agitated on seeing him, and said in explanation, "*I am looking for my wife.*" "I think," said the friend, "that this is a funny place to look for a wife." Some time afterwards he told me he had tickets for a lecture. "It will not vex you," he said, "if I should take Madame * * * to the lecture?" "No," I replied; yet upon reflection it seemed to me that a great many people would be

likely to notice his appearing in public with a woman who made herself conspicuous by her behavior, and that it would be better for me to accompany them. I told him that it would be better, perhaps for me to go too. "But" said he, with an air of great embarassment, "the seats are reserved, and if I took one for you, we could not sit together." "All right," I said "go," and off he went, rejoicing. He would not have sold out his evening very cheaply. After the lecture, they returned to the house, and after that he had to conduct Madam to her hotel. From this time I commenced to have suspicions, which were alas, well founded. Day after day I grew sadder. A few days went by without her making an appearance at the house; my husband then received a letter in which she stated that she was sick in bed and wanted to see him (it was not *my* presence that she needed). He then said to his mother: "Madam * * * is sick. You must go and see her; and if she does not get better, you must have her brought here." the old lady asked me to go with her, and I said I would so we went to see the smart lady. There she lay on the bed, in a white dress, all ruffle

her hair twisted and frizzed, and her face nicely powdered; one would not have supposed that she was expecting a visit from lady friends. For a few days after that, she did not come to the house, but after she got well, she came as usual. One day (everything having been arranged, as I believe, between them), the old lady said to her son, that she thought it would be better for Madam to come home and live with us. "Yes," he said, "if she" (meaning me), "will let her, and I guess she won't refuse." To my great regret, I made no opposition to this plan, and it was accepted. She came to the house with her trunk and a bird cage, and installed herself in the third story front room. She and the old lady were inseparables. The old lady called her "daughter;" and their friendship was quite touching. My husband and she took frequent walks, although I do not know where they went; he would put her in an omnibus, and then meet her somewhere, and return late in the evening; she always came back first and alone, and he a little while afterwards. This annoyed me dreadfully, and made me feel very lonely in my house, where before that time I had been comparatively

comfortable. My husband ought never to have done anything to cause him to lose the position which it had cost me so much time and trouble to acquired for him. But no! a woman may be the ruin of a man very speedily; and this is what happened to him. Being in great trouble, I made up my mind to go to Atlantic city. My husband accompanied me in order to save appearances; although really he was glad of my departure.

I remained at Atlantic city for two weeks without writing. One day I got a letter in which he inquired when I intended to return; but that if my health required it, I might remain a few days longer. I wrote him that I would be back in two days. He came to the steamer to me, and conducted me back to that luckless house, which I almost trembled to enter; so unfavorable were my apprehensions as to what was to follow. The mother and *daughter* had taken their tea together; but he for the sake of appearances took his tea with me, or pretended to do so. In all this I perceived the embarrassment of a man who was progressing rapidly on the road to ruin. I forgot to mention that when he wrote to me at Atlantic city, I answered that if he desired,

to go somewhere and spend a month quietly, I would give the money, as I had saved up a small sum. This proposition he declined. From this I saw that matters were going from bad to worse; so I made up my mind to write to this woman herself: "Will you leave my house and return to your boarding house, and leave Mr. M. to keep up his good name among the American people, upon whom he depends for his support, and whose confidence he will lose, if you persist in remaining? Go, Madame; take your goods and chattels, your trunk and your bird cage." I deposited this letter at the post office, but got no answer; and on my arrival, found no change in my house. I thought that perhaps Mr. M. might have got the letter and not given it to her; so I wrote another and left it in her chamber. My only answer was profound silence. Mr. M. gave French lessons in a school where the Principal was very kind to him. I thought that perhaps that lady might have some influence with him; so I made up my mind to go and speak to her confidentially. So I said to her: "I would like that woman who is in my house (and of whom I have a very bad opinion), to

leave it. I wrote to her but received no reply. If she persists in remaining, I will leave the house myself." "Oh," said she, "If you leave, I cannot keep Mr. M. in my school." A few moments afterwards I left her and went home. Two days afterwards I thought it would be well for me to see the lady who kept the school again. So I saw her, and said: "Madame, do not do anything in regard to what I told you. Let it be buried." She did nothing, except come to the house one day when I was away, to make inquiries about the matter. She listened to the story of Mr. M. and his mother, and of that woman, and made up her mind that I was in the wrong. On my return, Mr. M. informed me of her visit, and said that the schoolmistress had told her that she pitied him for having such a wife as I. I was much astonished at this lady, who is a Christian and a good person, and has a fine education, and a large circle of acquaintances, and understands everything. She ought rather to have given good advice to Mr. M., for she might know that such a thing could not go on in this way in the sight of everybody; that sooner or later people would know it,

and it would do him great injury. She ought to have said to him: "Send away that woman, or you will have trouble. If, as you say, she is your best friend, you can see her when you wish, but do not keep her in your house; otherwise I cannot retain you for fear of being blamed by the parents of my scholars." If she had done what I say, she would have saved herself the necessity of dismissing him afterwards.

After this, I was more annoyed than ever; so I told Mr. M. that if that woman did not leave the house, I would leave him. He said that she should not go; that if I wanted to leave him, I was at liberty to do so, and could take my departure. I was indignant at their behavior and bad conduct. In the evening she would be in his office, dressed up in style, or go into the parlor when she pleased to sing. Mr. M. would follow her everywhere; they thought they were king and queen. And, poor me, I was in a room *working with his mother;* at 10 o'clock I would retire to my room; Mr. M. had his own room apart from mine. There, alone in my room, *how many tears* have I shed, caused by that mother-in-law, who, this day has to shed

tears herself for all the harm she has caused me! I was at last compelled, for my own self respect, to leave the house. I went a few days after this occurrence to procure a boarding house. I was well acquainted with a lady named Mrs. S. who was an annual subscriber for the French church. I asked her for a room. She said she had none vacant; but when I informed her that it was for myself, she offered to share her own room with me, which I accepted. Since that she has always been a friend to me. A few hours after my arrival at Mrs. S.'s, I received the following letter from Mr. M.:

"ELEANOR:—

Up till this evening, I never would have believed you capable of such an action. I inform you that your room will be free during some time yet to give you an opportunity to reflect, and I beg you to return before engaging in the steps you now are advancing in.

I will pray God to give me the force to continue the work which you desire to break, and ruin all the family."

What humbug!

I answered his letter as follows:

"MONSIEUR:—Like you, I shall be brief, for it is useless for me to repeat what has been said so many times to no purpose. My room may stay empty, for I will never return to it under the same conditions that I left it. So long as that woman remains with you, I will never set my foot in the house. I, too, will pray God to enable me to support all that you cause me to suffer."

After this I received letter upon letter, but never answered any of them. I continued giving my lessons in conversation. I had charming pupils, of the highest class in society. Every one was intereste l and kind to me, as I can truly affirm. There are some whom I could never forget. The American people are engraved upon my heart for their liberality to me, after my misfortunes. After quitting my house, I saw several persons who felicitated me upon the step I had taken; which as they said must have been a trial to me, but which met with their entire approval. Mrs. E. T., in particular, I can never sufficiently thank for her kindness. She was to me a consoling angel. I have passed few days without thinking of her and of her

goodness. I will speak of her hereafter, as I have good reasons for doing so. To return to my subject. I continued giving lessons, and made some money, and paid my board regularly, which was a great satisfaction to me. One day I was at Tenth and Locust streets, when I saw C. (Mr. M.'s son), who was badly enough dressed. This made me feel sorry, "Poor boy!" said I to myself, for I had really loved him; but he was spoiled by that woman as well as by some others. Nevertheless, I went to Wanamaker's and chose a complete suit for him, as I knew his measure, having so often bought clothing for him before that time. I had the clothes put up in a package addressed to him, and wrote a note and put it in the package. "Receive these things without asking where they come from. If they do not fit, you can have them changed. God bless you. Adieu." The package was received, I think with pleasure. The boy went to a house, and told the lady that he had received a handsome present, but did not know where it came from. This lady, who knew everything, said to him. "Perhaps it was from your mamma." "Oh, no," said he, "I don't believe that." The lady never

saw the boy afterwards, because he knew that I was in the habit of visiting her. He was badly advised by that woman, who, after my departure had installed herself as the mistress of the house. If any one inquired for me at the door, she would say: "Oh no, she does not live here any more, but I am attending to the business here." She spoke of me as if I had been a boarder who had changed her boarding house. Mr. M. gave lessons at this time to an Episcopal minister. One day Mr. M. said to him: "Could you find some one to make collections for me?" "Why," said the minister, "your wife understands collecting very well." Mr. M. replied by putting up his hand, as if to imply that I was crazed, and said: "She can't do it." He did not tell him, however, that I had left the house. This gentleman told me of this himself when I was at his house, where I subsequently resided three months. He had time to see whether I was crazy or not. He only saw, however, the bad conduct of Mr. M., and never afterwards had any confidence in him.

Winter was passing away and summer was coming. It was getting warm. People were

leaving for the country. I met a Miss G. She told me she was leaving for the country with her brothers; that they had a fine house for themselves, if I wanted to go along with them that I could help her a little. I accepted the offer. We hired a cook. I was soon ready, and by five o'clock the same afternoon, we took the steam cars and went to her house at Frankford, a most beautiful country place. I remained with her about one month. It was very warm. I was taken with the Erysipelas in my limbs. I returned to the city for medical aid. I sent word to Mr. M. to come and see me, that it would please me. He refused to come. He was afraid that he might have to take me to his house. I did all that I could to be free from self reproach. I recovered from that sickness, which lasted twenty days. I then went on a visit to Mrs. and Mr. W., Episcopal minister, at Wilmington, who had visited me at my house. I remained there one week. That lady was a Swiss by birth, and spoke French. She told me that her husband was in Baltimore; that he might have to remain there, as he expected to be appointed assistant at Emanuel's Church. She wrote to know if he would remain there.

He wrote in return that he had been nominated assistant, and that she should come. She offered to take me with her and said that she would take three or four boarders, to reduce expenses, and that I might help her; but I declined the offer. I helped her to pack up her furniture, and came back to Philadelphia. I put all my things in order; I went to a lawyer to get his advice and see if I could not get some support from Mr. M. He said that he would not pay any money for my support; that I could return home and he would receive me as his wife. I had no desire to do so, but I did not wish to have anything to reproach myself for; so I said to myself: "I must go." I went to the house which they had moved to after my departure. I asked for Mr. M. and was conducted into his office. Mr. M. made his appearance with the air of the master of the house. I handed him the lawyer's letter, saying: "Do you recognize this?" "Oh, yes," said he, "You can come." I am paying my board to Madame * * * . She is my landlady. I pay her five dollars a week for my father, and five dollars for my mother; and I will have to pay her five dollars for you; and

I will give up my room to you and will sleep in my office." I could have laughed at this, if I had felt like it, to see and hear such a comedy. I left, saying I would return. The next evening I went there again with my trunk, as if I had just arrived from the country. I rung, and the new landlady opened the door herself; and said to the cabman: " up stairs in the third story." I do not know how I enabled to restrain myself, nevertheless, I held my tongue. I went up to the room she indicated and began to reflect. Some minutes afterwards, I made preparations to go out, without supping. On my return I went to bed, hoping not to sleep. In effect, I heard a conversation in the room beneath mine. The mother occupied the room opposite to mine, and she came out repeatedly to see whether I would come out of my room to see what was going on. They had taken precautions, however. The lock of my door was broken, and every time I went to open the door it fell down and made a noise. The night passed without my being able to close my eyes; and in the morning the bell rang for breaktast. I had to arm myself with courage for I, too, had a part to play.

Oh, what a table! Monsieur was not at it, nor did he appear at dinner. The story was, that he had gone to give lessons. The impudent woman asked me whether I wanted anything more, I looked at her, right in the eyes, and gave her no answer. I had enough. I told Mr. M. that I was going to leave. He replied, "I could see that you did not intend to stay." "No," said I; "I wanted to see if it was the same as when I left." The next day I left. The wretched house was closed up a short while after, and a part of the furniture was sold to pay the rent. At this I said to myself: "This consequential woman did not have her purse well enough furnished to keep a boarding-house. She rather needed to have her wants supplied." I then went to Baltimore. I was willing for a time to leave Philadelphia where I had had such a sad experience. I went to Dr. W.'s, whose wife was a French lady. My readers will recollect that while I was at Wilmington, I had been requested to reside with them at Baltimore, to which city they were about to remove. A few days afterwards they had five or six boarders. The house was an agreeable one. The Spanish Consul boarded there.

He spoke French, and was very good company. The lady of the house was constantly sick. I took care of the house in her place. I received from time to time, letters from that respectable lady in Philadelphia, who had been so kind to me — Mrs. E. T. She had told me before I left, that she would like to see me return to my family.

I told her that as desirous as I was to go, that I did not have the means to do so, she said that she would provide the means for me, she did not forget her promise, on a winter's day she sent me a telegram saying if I wanted to go to France to come at once, that she wanted to see me, I answered her that I dreaded the bad season, that I thanked her very much for her kindness, that later if she had the same opportunity I would see. The winter was very cold, and there was plenty of snow.

As I had walked a great deal during the latter years of my residence in Philadelphia, my feet were very tender. Besides this, two of the toes of my left foot were during three months almost paralyzed. Every day at three o'clock, it was like a fever; pains so sharp and piercing that I could have cried. Dr. Balzell of

Baltimore, attended me. The winter wore away; and we were in the last days of April when I received another telegram from that lady (Mrs. E. T.) and afterwards a letter, in which she informed me, that there was at New York a vessel about to sail for France, and that my passage was paid in it, but that she wanted to see me beforehand in Philadelphia. I understood very well that the dear lady wanted to supply me with money. What a trouble I was in! I could not walk, and was suffering dreadfully, With great regret I wrote to her, that I could not accept her noble offer. I told her what a condition I was in. I sent her a certificate from my Physician, and assured her of my regret. She never answered my letter. I understood by her silence that she was greatly displeased; and this I learned conclusively some months afterwards. When I got better I went to Philadelphia for the express purpose of seeing her. I called at her door and asked for her: but she sent word that she was engaged, and begged me to excuse her. I cannot describe my feelings; but what was I to do. It was not my fault, that I had declined her offer. It is probable that she had expended money on my account,

and it was natural that she should be displeased. I had disobliged her in spite of myself. My great regret was that I had lost the friendship and protection of so generous and respectable a lady.

Some months afterwards that lady lost her husband, a distinguished gentleman, and a person of great importance in the City of Philadelphia, where he occupied an eminent position. The news of his death caused me great pain for her, who had lost so good a husband. I wrote her a letter of condolence; and asked permission to call upon her when I came to Philadelphia. She did not reply; but I still hope. The star that should guide me is still concealed behind dense clouds, which will be dispersed by him who can do so, and who governs all. In him alone is my trust. I returned to Baltimore, and remained there several months. I wrote to my sister that perhaps I would soon return to France: —that I would be so happy to see all my relations once more. She replied that notwithstanding the pleasure that it would afford her to see me, she did not advise me to come, as I would not be well received on account of my having become a Protestant. She said that

she believed that if I died, they would not give me a burial. She also advised me to go into a Convent! This letter grieved me very much, but I must bear it. In the meantime, Dr. W. received a call to a country church in Maryland. I aided them to make the prepations for their journey and returned to Philadelphia. Towards spring I received a letter from the Doctor who informed me that his wife was still sick. I replied that I would pay her a visit. The Doctor met me at the steamboat landing, and we went to his house. When we entered he said to his wife "Here is Madame M." She came to the door with a smile on her lips, and received me graciously. I looked at her and saw with concern, the change which had taken place since I last saw her. She returned to her bed, never to quit it again, except as a corpse. Poor lady! She had suffered so much from a complication of diseases; but was always well cared for, for she had an excellent husband;—a treasure which many other women, alas, do not possess! I saw to everything about the funeral; and when everything was re-installed in the house, I told the Doctor that I was going to return to Philadelphia to resume my lessons.

He assured me that if I would remain, I could take care of his house, as he had only one domestic. I accepted, although the position was not a lucrative one; nevertheless, I enjoyed peace and quiet in that little town; when I endeavored to forget my misfortunes. I remained there about eighteen months; at the end of which time Dr. W. got married for the third time. As I was beginning to suffer with my eyes, I left his house and returned to Philadelphia. Immediately on my arrival, I consulted an oculist, who informed me that I would have a great deal of trouble with my sight, as I had a cataract on each eye. So I must undergo an operation. What a calamity! My readers after following me through so many misfortunes, will perhaps hardly have the patience to hear more. I will assure them, however, that I am not as one without hope. My faith is in one who will never forsake them who trusts in him.

The borrower must return this item on or before the last date stamped below. If another user places a recall for this item, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return.

Non-receipt of overdue notices does ***not*** *exempt the borrower from overdue fines.*

Andover-Harvard Theological Library
Cambridge, MA 02138 617-495-5788

APR 1 3 2002